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Gliding close along the inner shore, so as to be enfolded in the thin ribbon of shadow, he discerned the ghostly canoe and occupant!

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, Ned Hazel, The Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT SPY.

AX! while Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles, and the men, who were constantly glancing over their shoulders, were gazing at the mysterious canoe and its occupant, it had disappeared as a flash of sunlight is sometimes obscured by the passing shadow.

The Scotchman rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"It is gone, sure enough!" he muttered, as he sat down, disappointed, chagrined and the least bit frightened; "what has become of it, Nick?"

"I ain't acquainted with the kind of animals called spirits," was the prompt reply. "For all that female has got out of the way, in a style which I don't exactly understand, I am satisfied that she is real flesh and blood, and like enough some outlandish contrivance of the very Indians we are going to visit."

The men had been quick to detect the *faux pas*, and were now pulling with a steady, slow stroke, as if they were wearied with their exertion. Mackintosh permitted them to do this for some time longer in the hope of seeing the Phantom Princess again; but, satisfied that her disappearance was for that night at least, he gave the orders to stop for the night.

Once more the prows were turned in shore, and the crew landed. The prows of the boats were pulled up the bank, the blankets taken out, and two huge fires kindled. Around these stretched the score or so of men, their feet toward the fire, and their heads outward. In a few moments, the only ones who were awake were the two acting as sentinels, and whose duty it was to keep the camp-fires burning brightly.

As was his invariable custom, when the two were traveling together, Nick Whiffles and Ned Hazel were enfolded in the same blanket. With their bodies so close that the warmth was mutual and reciprocal, the two passed off into sweet and refreshing slumber.

It was a strange and powerful tie of love that united the grizzled old trapper, and the fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked boy, whose face and appearance proved him to be of no mean birth.

The unraveling of the mystery of the

most secure hiding-place even at noonday. Secreting himself in this cover, he prepared to watch the surface of the river flowing so calmly beneath the radiance of the moon.

"I wonder if I am to see her again," he muttered, as he seated himself. "I thought I caught a glimpse of the boat awhile ago."

Looking to the right and left, his view was quite extended up and down, but his sight failed to reveal any thing, and he drew a deep sigh of disappointment.

"I can't stay here long. I wouldn't have Mackintosh wake up and find me gone for all the world. He would be sure to suspect something."

Hark! his strained ear caught the sound of something like a faint ripple.

"That was a paddle, or an animal stepping into the water!" he whispered, as he leaned forward and looked up and down the river.

Gliding close along the inner shore, so as to be enfolded in the thin ribbon of shadow, he discerned the ghostly canoe and occupant!

It was moving slowly, as though carried by the current alone, and, as he looked, he saw the same spirit-like figure of a female sitting in the stern, and a *second* form in the prows.

"There are two of them," he thought, as he gazed breathlessly at the sight; "we did not see them both before."

Still intently watching them, he saw that the figure in the forward part of the boat was much smaller and lighter than the other.

"Mother and daughter!" was the thought that instantly flashed into the mind of Bandman, as he fairly devoured them with his eyes.

A supernatural air was attaching to this curious scene hard to shake off; but the trapper was a practical man, and he would not believe that it was not material flesh and blood he saw before him.

"If they would only move or speak!" he murmured, seeking to shake off the oppressiveness that rested upon him.

They did not speak, but a movement was made. She who sat in the stern, dipped a paddle into the water, and the same soft, rippling sound came to the ear of the trapper again.

"She is a human being," he concluded, with a sigh of satisfaction. "What will she do if I hail her?"

He was on the point of calling to her more than once, but restrained himself, from a conviction that the canoe and its occupants would vanish from sight as suddenly as it did when under the scrutiny of Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles.

So he stood still, watching, listening and wondering. He was in hopes that the boat would shoot out from the shadow, where he could gain a better view of it, but remained where it was, but floating downward, until Hugh saw that he must move with it, if he expected to keep it under surveillance any longer.

He stepped carefully back, out of view of the river, and stealthily made his way a rod or two further down-stream. In his haste, he was conscious of making a slight noise, but not enough, as he believed, to disturb any one.

But when he reached the stream, and looked expectantly out upon the water, the boat was gone!

Up, down, across, everywhere he looked, but it had indeed gone, and was to be seen nowhere.

"There is something supernatural in all this!" he exclaimed, as he turned about and made his way back to the camp-fire, returning, as he had promised, within a half-hour of the time of his departure.

But no word escaped the lips of Hugh Bandman of what he had seen that night.

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The majority agreed that it was some Indian contrivance, although of what character, and what its purport was, no one undertook to conjecture even.

Nick Whiffles was thoughtful and reserved. He seemed like another person, devoid of his eccentric humor and geniality of spirits. When he was appealed to, he refused to make any satisfactory answer, and appeared unwilling to hold any conversation regarding it.

Mackintosh was the only one who seemed unaffected by the occurrence. He laughed and chatted with all, and when one or two ventured to rally him upon his disappointment, he replied:

"The thing ain't ended yet; I am bound to get at the bottom of that mystery."

Again the two canoes put out in the river, and the long paddles of the trappers steered the boat forward with the same power and grace, but they still refrained from breaking out into their usual chorus and song.

They were now within the vicinity of the Blackfoot village, and were certain of coming upon Indians in a very short time.

Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles were conversing together about "business," when their canoes turned an abrupt bend in the stream, and they saw the town they were seeking within a stone's throw.

A clearing, of several acres extent, came down to the river, and on every other side were the dense "continuous woods" of Oregon. Very nearly in the center of the clearing, and a hundred yards back from the stream, stood about twenty lodges, made of bark and skins, and of a character that showed that they had been built with the purpose of withstanding the rigor of the winters in these latitudes.

The prow of the canoe had scarcely turned the bend, when such a babel of shouts and halloos filled the air, that the trappers

stopped rowing, and Mackintosh looked to Nick Whiffles for advice.

The old hunter smiled.

"That's the way the critters say *how do you do*."

"What shall we do? Go ahead?"

"Wait a minute."

With which, he rose in the canoe, so as to make himself visible, and then swinging his coon-skin cap over his head, called out in the Blackfoot tongue, that they were friends, who had come to barter with them.

Nick was recognized before he spoke, and an instant hush fell upon all, so that his words were easily understood; one of their number called back that they were ready to trade, and invited them to come ashore.

Nick explained what was said to Mackintosh, and added:

"Put me ashore, but don't any of you make him visible, and then swing his coon-skin cap over his head, called out in the Blackfoot tongue, that they were friends, who had come to barter with them."

"But, suppose they offer you violence; do you suppose we are going to sit still and permit it?"

"I'll take care of myself. Ned, stay where you are; Calamity, come with me!"

At the prow of the canoe touched the land, Nick and his dog stepped ashore, the former turning around, and adding a word:

"Keep your men together; don't let one of them land."

Mackintosh nodded his head to signify that he understood, and the old trapper moved away in the direction of the village.

As may be supposed, his movements were watched with the most acute interest by his friends, who were not without painful misgivings, as they saw the Blackfoot men, women and children close around him, ere he had advanced half-way across the open clearing.

"How easy they could hem him to pieces, ere we could prevent it," thought Mackintosh, who was painfully excited.

But, Nick Whiffles was the picture of the coolness of self-possession. With his face cut across by his huge grin, he greeted the Indians, calling several by name, with a readiness which showed, indeed, that they were old acquaintances.

Calamity was not so well pleased. When he saw the red-skins swarm about his master, he growled and showed his teeth, and one half-grown warrior, paying no attention to him, suddenly felt his teeth nip his coppery calvies. With a yell of pain, the savage made a jump up in air, as though he had suddenly stepped upon something hot, and drew his tomahawk upon the dog.

"Don't!" said Nick, laying his hand upon his arm; "the pup has already been skinned a half-dozen times, and I don't think you kin gain much there; besides, the man that runs ag'in' me."

There was a smile upon the face of the trapper as he uttered these words, but there was also a dangerous glint of his sharp gray eye. Several were laughing at the discomfiture of the young warrior, and he slunk away and mingled with the others.

About this time, a number of dogs became aware of the presence of another of their own species, and they came bristling upon the scene. There were a half-dozen of them, and they came growling around the stranger in a most threatening manner.

Calamity treated them all with dignified indifference, and all took the hint except one mongrel cur that would not be put off. After several warnings, he finally flew, with open mouth, at him.

His own mouth could close the massive jaws of Calamity snapped shut, with the throat of the presumptuous canine between them. When Calamity loosened them, his victim dropped as lifeless as a stick to the ground.

Nick had managed to see all this, and he remarked, as he turned his head:

"Since Calamity has saluted that animal, I don't think, considerin' him as a dog, he's of much account. When you git through with 'em, Calamity, set 'em down soothin' like, just as a cat does her kitten."

The other curs did not seem particularly anxious to be "soothed" in this manner, and they took good care to give their ferocious visitor a wide berth.

Nick managed the negotiations with the skill of a Bismarck. He had learned from Mackintosh what he had to offer in the way of barter, and he was not long in finding out that the Blackfeet had a most valuable lot of beaver-skins, which they were saving up in anticipation of a visit from the agents of the North-west Fur Company, but which they were very ready to exchange with the party that would give them the best bargain.

They wanted knives, ammunition, blankets and ornaments, and these were just what the trappers had brought with them.

When informed of this, they scattered to bring forth their pets. Piles of furs and skins were fetched from the different lodges, and then carried down to the river-bank, where they were thrown into a large heap, and the owners waited for the "barter" to open.

This was speedily done. Nick still acting as negotiator. Glittering knives, gaudy trinkets were handed over to him, and he passed them to the Blackfeet, receiving their furs in return.

The negotiations progressed very satisfactorily and with considerable expedition. The Blackfeet had been in this kind of business before, and they knew very well the price that the trappers would pay for their furs; so there was little haggling to check the bartering.

The two canoes were ranged alongside the bank, and the furs were passed to the men, who rapidly placed them in position.

At the end of a couple of hours the bargains were all completed. The entire pile of peltries was transferred to and distributed between the two canoes. Indian men, women and children were dancing with delight, and even the dogs seemed to share in the general exultation.

Occupied thus in frolicking over their new possessions, they did not think much of opening hostilities with the trappers. It would have been in keeping with the treacherous character of the Blackfeet to have attacked these men and robbed them of the goods which they had just sold. Had they been sure of success, this is just what they would have done.

But there was that in the appearance of these same Hudson Bay trappers which satisfied the red-skins that there might be a slight unpleasantry, and very possibly a disappointment, in undertaking such a thing.

Understanding what was passing through the minds of these dusky scoundrels, the whites conducted themselves accordingly. Their rifles and side-arms were displayed, and possibly the men put on a fiercer expression than usual.

His work done, Nick Whiffles very quietly stepped into the boat, Calamity whisking after him. At the same instant the paddles dipped into the water, the canoes instantly made a gap between them and the shore, and then, rounding in the river, started upstream.

The Indians still danced with a "wild delight." Nick Whiffles stood in the boat, smiling and waving his hand, like a father uttering his blessing upon the heads of his frolicksome children.

The trappers roved with their powerful stroke, and a few minutes later the Blackfoot village and its boisterous natives were shut from view.

CHAPTER VI.

"WILL YOU DO IT?"

A FEELING of relief came over the trappers, as they felt that they were out of sight of the dangerous Blackfeet, and that every minute was taking them further away.

As the distance increased, the low hum of a song began to be heard among them. It rapidly grew louder, until it swelled out into the same deep, musical melody that these men have so often awakened among the mountains of the North-west. There were voices rich in music among these trappers, and scarcely any thing more charming could be imagined than to stand on a mountain several miles distant, and hear the song borne to you on the still air.

Nick Whiffles had stated to Mackintosh that the Indians were expecting the appearance of the North-west crew, so there was reason to fear that they were somewhere in the neighborhood, and a collision was very apt to make some dangerous manifestations.

The air was clear and bracing, and the two large canoes continued their swift course up the river with no interruption at all, until the usual time for halting, when the moon was directly overhead.

Nick Whiffles having performed his engagement for Mackintosh, received a very liberal fee from him, and understood that he was at liberty to depart whenever he chose; but as they were carrying him toward the lonely spot in the wilderness where his cabin stood, he preferred to remain with them through the greater part of this day, at least.

When, at noon, the boats turned toward shore, they had put a good number of miles between them and the Blackfoot village, so that they gave no further thought regarding it.

As before, they were surrounded by dense

woods, and several of the men, upon landing, instantly plunged into the forest in quest of game. While the others were occupied in their various duties, Mackintosh requested Bandman to walk aside with him.

The two moved silently away among the trees, until they were beyond sight and hearing of their friends, when they seated themselves upon a mound of earth, and the Scotchman first spoke.

"Hugh," said he, in a low, confidential tone, "I have rather a curious proposition to make to you."

"I am ready to hear it," replied the trapper, in a serious voice.

"To come to the point, I have come to the conclusion to unravel the mystery regarding this Phantom Princess as she is called, and I have fixed upon you as my agent."

"Why have you selected me?"

"For several reasons. One is that I know you better than I do any of the rest, and my knowledge of you is such as to give me the fullest faith in you. I can say that, during the long service you have given, the company, there never has been the first complaint against you, and you have never yet been known to fail in any thing you undertake."

Bandman bowed his head to signify that he appreciated the compliment. Indeed there was a certain dignity in the manner of the trapper, that would have impressed one in this regard.

"All this is preliminary," continued Mackintosh. "If I were asked to select a man from my party, who was free from superstition, there is only one about whom I could feel any certainty."

"I suppose you refer to me," said the trapper, with a smile.

"Of course; brave as Nick Whiffles undoubtedly is, it was easy to see last night that he was impressed by what he saw, and holds a superstitions feeling about the Phantom Princess. I am satisfied, in my own mind, that, curious as was the scene, the actor in it was as much flesh and blood as either you or I. What do you think?"

"I agree with you."

"I did not doubt it. Furthermore, I believe that the mystery of the Princess lies in the Blackfoot village that we visited to-day."

Bandman started so perceptibly that Mackintosh laughed.

"What is it, Hugh?"

"Rather strange," replied his friend, with the same wan smile, "but, somehow or other, it is the same conclusion that forced itself upon me, while we were trading with them to-day."

"Good reason for believing we are right; you observe any thing that could give you a clue?"

"Nothing at all; I was on the look-out for it all the time, but could detect nothing."

"Have you any reason then for your belief?"

"Probably no more than you have; I am satisfied that this Nick Whiffles knows more about the matter than he is disposed to tell."

"Undoubtedly; but there is no use questioning him; his lips are sealed and he would resent any interference."

"Well, I am ready to hear any proposal," said Bandman, after a moment's silence between them.

"My official position under the company prevents my engaging personally in any thing of this character, as you can readily see; but, there are several things that have awakened my suspicion since Nick Whiffles joined us, and I have the strongest desire to prove them to the bottom. You are the man I wish should undertake to clear up the doubt about this Phantom Princess. Will you do it?"

Bandman was silent a moment, and then looking down to the ground, he spoke as though communing with himself.

"I have a great desire to do so."

"Will you undertake it?"

"Yes."

"That settles the greatest difficulty," said Mackintosh, with something of his natural cheerfulness of manner, and then he added in the same thoughtful tones:

"If I were talking to another person, I should name some pecuniary inducement—but not to you. You have an abundance of wealth in London, and I know no money could tempt you to engage in any thing against your own desires."

"Of course," assented the trapper, with a sigh; "I have some curiosity regarding this person, and will undertake to identify her."

"It will be necessary for you to visit the Blackfoot village, and there will be no little personal danger in doing so."

"I know it," was the reply.

"To give a color of authority to your undertaking, I will make you the bearer of a message to the chief from me, asking him to catch and save all the peltries for us during the coming winter. Perhaps that will assist you through."

"It is a good suggestion," said Bandman, not a little pleased, "and with the exercise of a little tact upon my part, I think I can succeed. There is one promise, however, that I must exact of you, upon which depends my acceptance of this mission."

"It is given before you ask it."

"It is that, if I do not return to you, you will make no attempt to assist me. No matter what happens to me, you are not to interfere, but wait till I appear before you, and if I do not put in an appearance, you may know that that is the end of my history."

"I can not recall my promise," said Mackintosh, with a sadness of manner; "but it is given with a heavy heart."

Ever since the interview began, Hugh Bandman had been debating a question with himself. It was whether he should tell Mackintosh his own personal experience of the preceding night, when he had learned that the Phantom Princess had a companion with her.

More than once he was on the point of doing so, but his natural caution intervened, and when the interview was drawing to a close, he had decided to make no reference to it at all in his presence.

"You can leave us to-morrow, or to-night even, if you choose, without attracting notice, as the men are used to such things upon your part, and then all will be left to your discretion. You need no directions from me this day, at least."

When, at noon, the boats turned toward shore, they had put a good number of miles between them and the Blackfoot village, so that they gave no further thought regarding it.

"So am I; I shall look anxiously for your return to Fort William."

"I would prefer that you would forget all

about me, and not expect me, until I appear before you."

"I would prefer to do that if it were possible, but such things are not so easily done!"

The two men talked together a few minutes longer, and then, as there was nothing of importance to add, both rose to their feet and began walking back toward the camp.

While engaged in talking, both had heard several reports of guns, from which they concluded that the hunters who had gone out in search of game were meeting with good success.

But when they emerged from the wood, they saw at once that there was some unusual excitement in the camp. The men were gathered in a group around two of the hunters, who were talking in an excited manner.

"What is it?" asked Mackintosh, as he hurried forward.

"The Nor'-westers are coming down the river, and a half-dozen of them fired at us."

"How near are they?"

"They will be in sight in five minutes!"

(To be continued—continued in No. 46.)

something handsome from them, and then I'll go back East and settle down. But to my lead!"

And the doctor knelt down by the side of Bob's body and commenced unbuckling his vest. Then he passed his hand inside his shirt, fumbled there a moment, drew out, and held up to my astonished gaze, a buckskin money-belt, well studded with something. With a triumphant smile, he laid the belt down on the floor and proceeded to the body of the second ruffian. The searching operation was repeated, and with a like success, and so on he went, opening up his "lead" until he had laid seven well-filled money-belts upon the floor.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, with a quiet smile.

"What do they contain?"

In reply, he took out his knife and cut a little slit in one end of one of the belts, and then held the belt up for my inspection. It was filled with gold-dust! I must acknowledge my heart gave a great leap at the sight. Here was a little fortune.

"What do you think of my 'lead'?" questioned the doctor; "it opens rich, don't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "but whose property is this?"

The doctor looked at me in astonishment.

"Why, it belongs to us, of course. You see, I had a suspicion that these fellows would have something valuable about them, for these seven are the head men of this gang. That's the reason they happened to be shot; they were in the advance, leading the others on. I consider, too, that you have as much right as myself to this booty. For your wit put them in our power, although I discovered the 'lead'."

"How much money do you suppose there is altogether?" I asked.

"Oh! between six and eight thousand dollars, I should judge. It will be at the least three thousand apiece; it ain't bad to take. You needn't have any scruples about taking your share; it is the product of all that Bob's partners were flushed with money for his share. Joe came back, wild with delight. I took my pencil and a sheet of paper, and sat down to calculate how we stood. Roughly figuring it up, I found that we were in possession of between ten and eleven thousand dollars—a small fortune. Enough, at any rate, to enable me to make head against Richard Livingstone. That was all I desired. True, too, I might strike another "lead" in my midnight expedition with Smith; but still, I did not count upon that, for I had money sufficient without it. If I could succeed in placing my hands upon a few thousand more, it would be welcome."

Evening came at last; and at eleven o'clock, punctual to the minute, came Doctor Smith.

"All ready?" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

It had been arranged that we should get a shovel and a pick from his office, which was on our way. These, together with a dark lantern, and a couple of small carpet-bags, for the "boot" which we were to capture, comprised our outfit.

No one was abroad as we passed through the town, and so, luckily, we entirely escaped notice. Arriving at the ruined shanty, we entered it. By means of the roughly-drawn diagram that we took from Bob's pocket, we easily discovered the exact spot.

Turning the light of the lantern onto the place we guessed at, we found that a plank in the flooring was loose. This we forced up; the ground under it showed marks of being freshly dug. There was no mistake—we had discovered the gambler's treasure.

We had, for the second time, struck a "lead."

The spade sunk easily into the soft ground. About a foot below the surface we unearthed a common wooden soap-box, but it needed our united strength to lift it to the surface. Once there, we forced the cover off, and the buried treasure of "English Bob" was revealed to our wondering eyes.

The contents of the box consisted of gold and silver "bricks" and bars, bags of gold-dust, and a few diamonds—the whole estimated by the doctor, at a rough guess, to be worth sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars. Here was a fortune indeed!

"Does that suggest any thing to you?" I asked.

"Yes; any thing to you?" he replied, with a shrewd smile.

"It does indeed. I think that this spot marked with an X is where Bob has hidden something of value, and that the figures 4 and 6 mean four feet from one wall and six feet from the other."

"Yes; and the intersection of the four feet and the six feet, line is the hiding-place."

"My idea exactly!" I said.

"Well, I must confess that when I found the money-belts contained gold-dust only, the thought occurred to me that he must have a hiding-place somewhere, because, of course, he must have had some gold in bars and bricks; and as he couldn't carry it with him, he must have hidden it somewhere."

"That is likely," I replied.

"Yes, I think so. Now, to-night we'll go quietly to the shanty over there, first providing ourselves with the necessary tools, and try to unearth Master Bob's treasure, and the worthy mayor cracked and rubbed his hands with delight at the idea."

"Well, I suppose there's nothing more to be done here, and we may as well go and see how Simmons and the miners are getting along with their sieve," I said.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but the sieve has probably been turned into an attack long before now. I know our boys here pretty well, and it's hard work to hold them when there's a fight in prospect."

So Doctor Smith and I left the shanty, bearing the precious gold-dust, buckled securely around our waists, and took the road to the center of the town. Just as we reached the square we met Joe, Simmons, and all the miners, returning in triumph.

Saturday Journal

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OUR PAPER,

under its new auspices, has indeed taken a "Long Look Ahead." What with its beautiful and easily read typography, its striking and always excellent illustrations, its fair, clear type, the SATURDAY JOURNAL is peerless among the popular weeklies; while in its already arranged "Bill of Fare" for the season, its hitherto brilliancy will be dimmed! Already the paper has published more successful and talked-about serials during the last ten months than any other weekly in the country, but in the coming month the greater triumphs are in store. Readers ready to be entertained and delighted will find in this paper a most welcome guest.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Authors are requested *always* to give their full address on *first* page of each MS. Writing the name on the *back* of first page will not insure the manuscript's safety from destruction for want of author's address.

Mr. Madan, Newsdealer at Belleville, Ohio, is informed that Beadle and Company's fine series of "Speakers" comprises a "Juvenile Speaker,"—expressly adapted to the wants of the little folks. The beauty of this admirable series of books is the perfect adaptability of each volume to the needs of book and of age.

"Who is Joe Jet, Jr.?" asks Miss H., of Binghamton. He is a nice young fellow—oh, so nice, with dark eyes and black hair, and patient leather boots, etc., etc. Whether single or not we can not say. He certainly is a singular man. We wonder if he now has no wife, and if she doesn't cause him for literary malpractice.

Poem, "Skating with the Girls," is capital as to them but much too imperfect as a composition to merit a place in our columns. Author has yet to learn the *properities* and *quaints* of verse, but that she has *feelings* which she never can impart it without a knowledge of its principles. Let her can Poe's "Literati" and she will see what we mean.

Men: This is good advice to that large class of persons who are fond of writing poems, but who have no idea of what they can do with them.

Readers of romance will immensely enjoy *The White Witch*, and declare it to be one of the finest serials ever given in the weekly press.

day, and I feel like I was almost alone, with only hope to cheer me up, and father says that you were the biggest eater he ever saw, and I don't believe it. There are so many things that remind me of you—that old pair of boots that you left, that old straw hat and a pair of old socks, and don't you remember that hog that rubbed against your new black pants? indeed, I am sure I never look at a hog but what I think of you, darling. Never, never.

Your footprints are still in the muddy lane, and it will take a long time for them to be blotted out. Pete says those tracks are a little too wide for the lane, but he never knows what he is saying. I set out two beds of onions to-day, you were always so fond of them, and truly I never smell them but it brings you before my recollection, and then I always see that wart on your nose, and that little angelic mustache which you were always blacking with candle-snuff, and everlastingly getting it all over my face; but I remember those kisses! you were the first fellow that ever kissed me, and the first I ever kissed. I know you know all the girls say this, but it is a fact.

I have the greatest friendship for you, and I will have until we get married, if we ever do. Father says he hasn't got an opinion of you higher than the tower of Babel, and insinuates openly that I am urging my swine to a poor market. He says you have no cents—spelt both ways—but, I don't mind much what he says against you, only I never like to hear him always saying that you are lazier than a crooked log; and he says if we ever do get married it will be because the sheriff ain't in very much of a hurry for a job.

Dear WASHY, if I had an angel's pen I would write you the sweetest letter you ever read, and tell you that the old shangha rooster that the folks said looked like you is a dead man, having swallowed a smoked ham without removing the string. We had noodles for dinner. How you would have enjoyed them if you had been here!

I hope I have a place in my memory. I wonder if you still wear those stockings on which I embroidered new heels and toes? There, I had to stop and chase the mule off the porch. I hope you have not forgotten it, it's the one that made you walk sideways so long. It used to make mother so mad to see you using a fine-tooth comb three times a day, for she had an idea that it wasn't very polite, and going to bed with your boots on! she could never get over that.

Dear WASHY, I hope for my sake you won't marry any of those millionaires' daughters—please don't.

But it is milking-time. I must fix the cows' slop. The swill-tub is just where it was when you fell in it last. How tenderly it reminds me of you! Be a good boy.

Your lovely, SARAH JANE.

(Note. Since the above letter is in type, I have discovered that it is not the one I intended to give, but it is too late now for re-recognition.) WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The White Witch!

is the title of Mr. Albert W. Aiken's new romance, soon to be commenced in these columns.

It is in the brilliant author's best manner, with a plot of extraordinary interest and attraction.

It forms one of the new series of novelties and surprises which we have in hand and in preparation.

Mr. Aiken's romances are strong, sterling, pure—not meretricious, tawdry and unhealthful, as are too many "popular" serials.

Readers of romance will immensely enjoy *The White Witch*, and declare it to be one of the finest serials ever given in the weekly press.

WONDERS

I WONDER why engaged people, when they attend the theater, can not behave like sensible human beings, and not laugh and giggle as if there were no others present? I've seen them do it during the heaviest tragedy, and when I heard them snicker at the death of the tragedian in the play, I almost wished that *they* were dead in reality. Was I naughty?

I wonder why those women who write long articles about the difficulty in getting good help, don't go into the kitchen and help themselves? It would pay, and a husband thinks a dish tastes nicer when cooked by his wife. Who'll begin it?

I wonder if the woman who wants to borrow my SATURDAY JOURNAL before I get a chance to examine its contents, thinks I don't like to read the stories just as well as she does, and don't want to read them first?

I wonder if people wear panniers in heaven, and if not, why women wear them to church, which they consider the next door to it? If a pannier is the passport to heaven, then I shall want to go to the other place, which is a naughty word to write.

I wonder if it is because a woman has little brains in her head that she only requires a clam-shell hat to cover it, or if she believes in Fashion, and is bound to be ruled by her, or perish in the attempt?

I wonder why a man can so far forget his dignity or respect for woman-kind, as to come into the presence of our sex with the fumes of wine upon his breath and his eye sparkling with an unnatural luster, making the woman he loves ashamed to be by his side?

I wonder if the time will come when the mechanic will be looked upon in his true light as one of Nature's noblemen, and not trodden down as though not fit to live?

'Tis time this foolish prate and talk of "pride of noble birth" was crushed out, and man stand forth on his own merits.

I wonder what kind of a home that youth can have who passes his time in the bar-rooms and gambling-saloons? Has he no loving mother to charm him away from these haunts? Is there no fair-haired sister who is willing to tell her brother that home is far better than the grogshop? Come, sisters, make your home so happy that George or James will find it too pleasant to leave it! If you do not use this influence for right which you possess, you must not wonder that your brother goeth astray. Often and often doth the sim of a brother sit at the door of those who should have made home an earthly paradise, and failed to do it.

I wonder whether an author or poet feels all he says in his productions, and if his poems on poverty are not written in a luxurious parlor, and if lovers always do act so unlike human individuals as they are made to do in dramas and stories?

I wonder why we weep over the sorrows of fictitious characters, and gaze on the misery of a real suffering fellow-creature without shedding a tear?

I wonder when the American people will be willing to recognize native talent, and not run after performers with unpronounceable names, and who imagine they can

eclipse our American artists just because they are foreigners? Encourage native talent, and you will have more performers to be proud of.

I wonder why we value those little keep-sakes given to us by friends are they departed for the other and brighter shore? Why do we gaze on the picture of a lost mother with tear-dimmed eyes? It is because we seem to hold communion with the loved and gone. Ah! we are happier and brighter for these commusions, and when the time comes for us also to depart, we shall be glad to go. Will any one's eyes be dimmed for EVE LAWLESS?

One of Many.

Great numbers of letters come to us like the following from H. C. W., Sheldon, Vt.:

"I have read your paper ever since its commencement, and I can not do without it. I wait for its coming with interest. It is the best paper of its kind now published."

Happy to give pleasure to all observant and appreciative readers, such commendations are highly gratifying as showing that we labor not in vain. Our paper for the New Year will be even better, and more noticeable than in the year just closed, we already having in hand several powerful attractions and literary surprises.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

HOME! What a sweet word it is! But how many houses there are—places where families eat and sleep, and live out their lives—that are undeserving of the name, that have none of the sweet, cultivated, refined influences and associations of home.

There may be comfort and luxury, so far as physical needs are concerned, but all that money can buy will not, of itself, make home. The most elegant residences are frequently devoid of a genial, pleasant atmosphere, while abodes where wealth and elegance never enter, have all the enticing, refining attractions of home.

It is to be regretted that so many parents and guardians of youth fail in furnishing the essentials of a pleasant abiding-place for their children. These long winter evenings offer great temptations to the youth of both sexes, but especially "the boys" to seek amusement outside of the home-circle, and unless there is pleasant and profitable entertainment furnished there, they fall into habits of "going out" every evening, keep late hours and bad company, and sow seeds of evil, which no amount of culture in after years can eradicate. In youth habits are so easily formed—the mind is growing and plastic, and when age gives firmness and strength, the impressions received in youth are like statues in brass, enduring and unchangeable. How necessary, then, that none but good habits should be formed.

Many parents shut their children out from them, as it were; take no part in their amusements, nor interest themselves in what is of interest to the children, neither do they lift them up to their own level by encouraging them to talk and listen—explain what you are talking of to them, and thereby interest them in it. If children find plenty of amusement at home—if they are allowed freedom there—they will soon find the pleasantest place to spend their evenings, and gladly stay there.

Plenty of good reading matter is an essential of every true home. It should neither be all light or all solid, but a judicious admixture of both. Reading aloud—not steadily for a whole evening, but short, interesting articles that awaken thought and invite discussion—is a pleasant amusement. Let every one offer their opinion, and don't "snub" the younger children—encourage them to talk and listen—explain what you are talking of to them, and thereby interest them in it. If children find plenty of amusement at home—if they are allowed freedom there—they will soon find the pleasantest place to spend their evenings, and gladly stay there.

I wonder that people do not more fully realize their duty in this respect, do not try various methods of making home happy, and strive to suit each particular youthful taste, cultivating a love of home where it is naturally deficient, and never cease trying until they succeed in keeping their youth—not disinterestedly and unwillingly, but gladly, joyfully, and with no secret longings for the society of late parties and saloons.

LETIE A. ARTLEY IRONS.

MY IDEA OF A GOOD SHOW.

I ALWAYS contrive to have the best show upon the road, and, as it always gives good satisfaction, I will tell you what it consists of.

I have a "living wild Indian from the mighty rolling prairies of the West," which I represent myself, and in so truthful a manner that I have known many a western emigrant to come to my tent desiring my scalp for some wrong done to him, and hailing me by the name of "Kil-ekem-out." He tells me I have buried his wife to the ground, and carried off his house and barn into hopeless captivity, and that his soul pants for a new suit of clothes, but I don't allow his soul to pant very long, for I flourish my Thomas-hawk in the vicinity of his pants-aloes, and he, like a lorn, pants himself out of my show. I have had over a dozen squaws claiming me as their long-lost brave, and making me any thing but brave when Mrs. Smithers overhears of it. I tell her I must keep up appearances to make the show pay, but she says when I kiss all the squaws it is going a *leettle* too far. In fact, it makes her "squawk."

"There's a good deal of bliss in a sister's kiss,

But a *squaw's* is a different thing."

My son, Deafie Joseph, used to implore the living skeleton, until he eat so much that he will now do for the Fat Man of Salamanca, and the public seem to think him a great curiosity, but he is a very forgetful youth, and often forgets to roar out in public when people stick pins in the padding of his body. I wish he would either dwindle away to a skeleton or become a Daniel Lambert, for, as it is, he requires an immense sight of cotton batting to keep up the illusion. I am not sure but what definition would be a better and more appropriate word.

Mrs. Smithers is a lady of rare and remarkable musical abilities, and I style her on the bills as "The Seraphic Singer of Switzerland."

I have my doubts as to Seraph's singing "Shoo Fly," but Mrs. S. says that "it is just suited to her voice" and seraph or no seraph she is bound to "feel like a morning star." Mrs. S. has a most powerful organ for singing, and I can well bear in mind that, when she was vocalizing in the West, a posse of police came to my tent to beat me up, and were about to arrest me for beating my wife, whom they heard screaming for assistance. I told them that Roxana Caliope, was merely exercising her vocal organ. They said they came prepared to take up all nuancesses, and were about to bear away the gentle and dulcet Roxana Caliope, when

she whispered in my ear that she had a plan whereby she could make them leave. She commenced—

"Deal with me kindly,
Cheer my young he-heart,
I'll follow thee kindly
Where ever thou art-a-art."

They left—immediate!

I have also a live snake stuffed after it was dead, and when I tell my gentle audience that it is perfectly harmless they wonder if I am not stuffing them as well. Mrs. Smithers has been teasing me for a boa to wear about her neck like she has seen some fashionables have, and when I can get some other attraction I am going to be generous and let her wear that snake. I never like to begrudge Mrs. S. any pleasure.

I have a fine gun that was used in the war of 1776, and I know it is genuine, for I saw it made myself, in 1845, and it is just as good as new.

I'm a-tryin' to get up a sensation and am impressing Mrs. Smithers to represent herself as Mrs. Shakespeare's great grandmother, but she objects on the ground that she can't, by any possible means, make herself enough to pull the public. Women folks are so vain!

My youngest child, Cordellina Partridge, impersonates the "Sleeping Angel," and very well she does it when she won't fill her mouth with molasses and have great spots over her dress. Perhaps the public howl at this and call it a "juvenile humbug" and "an imposition" but I pacify them by asking if they ever saw an angel, and if not, how do they know whether angels love molasses candy?

There's a slight panoramic roll of canvas goes with us, and the artist has so painted it that I have exhibited it as a view of China, New York, Prussia, Boston, Ireland, Eat cetera, and none of the audience objected. The painter of this panorama is what I call a true and obliging artist.

By the way, I would like to secure two men to perform the characters of the "Forty Thieves." They must come cheap, as I wish to produce the drama "regardless of expense." Address

SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

GOOD MANNERS.

Of course, no man of the world, even though he should happen to be a philosopher, will despise the charms of a good manner. The lady who sits next to me at dinner, being well-dressed, speaking in low tones, eating her food daintily, smiling on occasion sweetly, does me, by her presence, positive service. The gentleman across the table, who is always telling the company, in looks and tones, that he is as good as they are—better than they are—takes all flavor from the dish, all bouquet from the wine. Manners may be no more than the small circulating coinage of society, but when these bits of silver have the true-mint mark upon them, they will pass for all that they are worth in every place, at every hour of the day. In the moment of a quick demand a few cents in the purse may be of higher value to a man than a bag of dollars laid up in a bank. What makes a good manner of so much worth as to have raised it into one of the fine arts, is the fact that in the free commerce of men and women, none but the minor debts of society are likely to arise between guest and guest. In the street, in the hotel, in the railway train, a man's character hardly ever comes into play. What a man is may be of little account to the passer-by; what he does may either gladden the passer-by with delightful thoughts, or torture him into agonies of shame.

W. H. D.

It is a decided windfall, my meeting this little "school-ma'am" for I believe I would dry up and blow away here in this dull, humdrum hole, were it not for this flirtation. Wonder if the little goose actually believes all I tell her. How great eyes would open could she read this letter from my lady wife! Ha! ha!

Doctor Alfred Warburton was a rising physician of St. Louis, young, handsome and talented, whose health had been impaired by close study and application to his business, and prescribing a vacation, had taken a trip out through western Missouri and Kansas. Feeling indisposed while pausing for the night at Wathena, he resolved to spend a week at the village to recruit.

One day he was invited by his host to attend a school picnic, and at it he met and formed the acquaintance of the teacher, Alice Prevost, a small, delicate, fairy-like being, whose gentle blonde beauty deeply impressed his fancy. Warburton contrived to meet her again and again, and gradually became a frequent visitor at the house of her aunt, with whom Alice resided. He was an agreeable conversationalist, and possessing great powers of pleasing, exerted

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

town. The "little flirtation" had long since been obliterated from his memory, and he had never since met or heard of Alice Prevost. But the reverie of the physician was abruptly dispelled by a loud rap at his door, and in answer to his "come in" the door opened and a tall, bearded man entered.

A broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his eyes, and a heavy overcoat muffled his form. There appeared to be a stern, vindictive expression upon his bronzed features, but that may have been habitual.

"Are you Doctor Alfred Warburton?"

"I am—will you be seated?"

"No, sir. You are wanted by a friend of mine; can you come with me, now?"

"If my professional services are needed, certainly. Will I need my instruments?"

"It will be no harm to take them. I have a carriage at the door; come," and the stranger abruptly left the room, followed by the physician, who was not a little surprised at his gruff, unceremonious demeanor.

"Where am I to go, and what is the nature of the ailment?" he asked, as he entered the carriage.

"You will see shortly; it is not far," and here they sat in silence while the vehicle rolled rapidly along.

When it paused they emerged and entered a large, comfortable-looking dwelling, and as he deposited his hat upon the rack, Warburton asked:

"Will I see any ladies?"

"Yes; one." Then allow me," and he carefully arranged his hair and whiskers before the glass. "Now I am ready."

The man led the way up a flight of stairs and rapped gently upon a closed door, which swung open, revealing a short, slight-built man whose stern face was pale and haggard.

"This is the doctor, Ned," said the first man, entering the room.

Warburton glanced curiously around the apartment. It was richly furnished and several oil-paintings hung upon the wall. But one strange object fixed his gaze. Toward one end of the room there stood what seemed a long, low table, covered with a heavy cloth that hung to the floor. Then he turned toward the smaller man, who now spoke in a hard, cold tone.

"You are welcome, Doctor Warburton, very welcome. I am Edward Prevost, and you start. Then your memory is not entirely dead. I am glad of it, for it renders my task the more easy. Yes, I am the brother of Alice Prevost, the girl whom you so basely trifled with and then deserted. But do not fear," he added, sneeringly, as Warburton shrank back; "you are safe from my vengeance. There are murders that can not be punished with death, though they are tenfold more dastardly than those that are."

"Murder," faltered the physician.

"Yes, murder; I said so, and I repeat it; you are a murderer! Wait, you may speak when I have finished. I was in California when I visited Wathena, and when I returned, I found my sister ill, and gradually fading away, of a disease that baffled all medical skill, until she was forced to discontinue her teaching.

"She would only smile wearily and say that time would cure her, when we questioned her. But instead of that, every day saw her weaker and thinner, more pale and death-like than the preceding one. We thought it was some subtle fever, and determined to try a change of air, and came to St. Louis, but all seemed in vain.

"One day, not many weeks since, we—she and I—were out riding, when we met you in your buggy. She turned pale and almost fainted, and murmured your name. I divined it all, then, for I had heard of your visit to Wathena, and of the close attention you had paid her, although I little guessed how far it had gone.

"Before I rested that night I had learned the whole story from my sister, and that it was because of your desertion that she had altered so—that she was actually dying of a broken heart. She—my Allie—dying for love of a man whose whole body and soul was not worth one single hair of her head.

"I crushed down my pride, then, and resolved to seek you out, and telling you the whole truth, to beg—to pray upon my bended knees, if necessary—that you would act the man and save her from death. I thought that there might be some mistake—some misunderstanding, that I could explain away, for had not you sworn that you loved her?"

"I did seek you out and made inquiries regarding you. And what did I learn? that you were married—that you had been married here, the father of a family, when you swore to that innocent, guileless girl that you loved her, and her only! Had I met you then, I would have throttled you like a dog!"

"Well, I came home and told the whole truth to Alice. I tried to soften it, but the blow was too heavy, and she sank beneath it. While she was in ignorance, she could believe that you were innocent, that you had been murdered, or kept away against your will, and the hope of some time meeting you, kept her alive. But to have the mask torn from her hero—the ideal that she almost worshipped, to see him in his real colors, a dastardly liar and coward—it was too much, and—she died!" and as he almost sobbed out these last words, the brother turned his head in anguish almost too great for human endurance.

"Really, I don't—" faltered Warburton, drawing toward the door; but Prevost waved his hand and said to his companion, in a cold, stern tone:

"Hold the door, John; he must not go yet."

"I protest against this outrage!" cried the physician, in an angry tone.

"Patience, for a moment, and then you may go as free as the air. I have but a little more to say," added Prevost. "I said that my sister sank beneath the shock and took to her bed—her death-bed, for she never left it alive! Day by day she grew fainter and more angel-like, and almost her last words were for me not to harm you; to leave you to your own conscience—as though such a villain was capable of having one! But I promised.

"Last night she died—died with your name upon her lips, and with her last breath she forgave the wrong you had done her. But I vowed that you should once more gaze upon the face of her whom you had murdered—for it was murder, as much so as if you had taken her life at one blow—and for that I have brought you here. See!" and as he spoke the brother gently removed the cloth from the coffin and motioned the doctor to approach.

Warburton slowly advanced as if compelled to do so by some power superior to his own will, and gazed down upon the pale,

sweet face of her whose young life he had blighted, and brought to an early death.

She looked very beautiful, then, as she lay within the coffin, but Alfred Warburton staggered back with a groan of horror, while the brother stood before him with one hand pointing upward as if mentally calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon his head.

"She pardoned you and asked me to join with her, but I could not; I would only promise not to injure you bodily. But night and day I will pray that God will punish you, and what man can do to blight your life, your prospects and your happiness, that will I perform. If you flee, I will follow you, and until one of us is dead, I will never lose sight of your motions. I pray that sorrow and grief like what I have endured, may be your daily portion; that death may darken your home until you are alone and desolate upon the earth, as I am. I pray that your friends may fall from you, and your last days be spent in ruin and disgrace. That you may never know rest or peace; that your conscience may not allow you a moment's oblivion even in sleep; that the remembrance of the innocent girl whom you murdered may haunt you forever! I curse you and yours, body and soul, awake or sleeping, living or dead—I curse you, one and all!"

The brother looked grandly majestic as he uttered those words in a deep tone, with uplifted hand, and Warburton covered before him as if in mortal terror, then he turned and rushed down the stairs, fleeing from the scene bareheaded and almost crazed.

As time rolled on, it seemed as though the brother's curse was being fulfilled. That terrible scourge—the small-pox—entered the doctor's house and desolated it; wife and children falling its victims.

As time passed on, dark rumors were set afloat, and Warburton's friends gradually shunned him, and in despair he sought forgetfulness in drink. In less than a year from the pronouncing of the curse, he committed suicide, while in a fit of the *delirium tremens*.

As for Edward Prevost, nothing further is known.

"I am *truthful*, Myra; that is all," replied the student, calmly, though a blush mantled his cheeks and forehead.

"Ah! indeed!" and now downright sarcasm spiced out in Myra's tones.

"Yes; I have known Miss Fleming for nearly twelve months, and I say but the truth, when I repeat that she is amiable, sweet, loving—"

"Granted! all granted!" interrupted the girl, hastily and nervously. "But you have known me for a longer time, and Fenton, dear Fenton, can you not allow to me the same good characteristics?"

"You are warm in her praises, Fenton, interrupted Myra, a bitterness evident in her tones.

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"Ah! indeed!" and now downright sarcasm spiced out in Myra's tones.

"Yes; I have known Miss Fleming for nearly twelve months, and I say but the truth, when I repeat that she is amiable, sweet, loving—"

"Granted! all granted!" interrupted the girl, hastily and nervously. "But you have known me for a longer time, and Fenton, dear Fenton, can you not allow to me the same good characteristics?"

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"Yes; I have known Miss Fleming for nearly twelve months, and I say but the truth, when I repeat that she is amiable,

The sun was about two hours high. A dark cloud-bank in the west had climbed up into the sky; the wind was coming out from over the land in fight, moaning sighs; anon, with a fierce puff, simulating a gust. The sun, bright and warm, was just entering the edge of this cloud which was stretching up toward the zenith.

"About half a mile below the lofty hotel at *Vue de l'Eau*, about sixty yards from the moaning, fretting margin of the bay, stood a neat little cottage with porches and a nice large yard around it. This little retreat was the property of Arthur Fleming, the ex-merchant, once, in the lifetime of his beloved wife, a constant resort every summer, when the hot sun drove the denizens of the city to seek the refreshing breezes of sea-side and country.

Seated on the rustic bench near the porch, fronting on the bay, were Fenton Thorne and Madeline Fleming. By the side of the little wharf, at the foot of the gravelled walk-way, lay the staunch little yacht, the "Bay State," rocking up and down to the increasing swell, her cordage cracking and rattling, as the rising wind played cheerily through it. Long had the lovers sat there, in that quiet retreat, sanctified in their very quietude. Long and sweet, too, had been the conversation, and the reader need not be told the burden of their talk. Lower sunk the sun, now shining like a huge ball of molten iron, through the dun-colored cloud now coming up from the west. Higher sung the rising wind, and now hollow and sadly moaned the rolling billows as they chased one another rapidly and angrily in shore.

"Ha!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, as he arose to his feet, and hearkened to the ominous moan of wind and water. Then he glanced toward the threatening sky. "Come, Madeline," he said, in an excited manner, though he strove to conceal his agitation from her; "come, darling, we must put off; we are going to have a little wind," and taking her hand in his, he ran briskly down to the wharf. The girl did not heed the signs of the coming elemental storm, for her faith in her lover's skill, his strong arm, his judgment and tact, were implicit.

"Why, Fenton, dear," she said, cheerfully, as she sprang with the aid of his hand to the deck of the tossing yacht. "I care not for a little wind! Let it blow, darling, I care not!"

"Nor would I, Madeline, were I alone," returned the other, seriously, as he cast off the bow-line of the boat. "Come, Madeline, quick—be seated—there! Mind the boom! duck your head and—there she goes!"

The yacht's head slowly fell off, and then the large sail, catching the wind, filled beautifully, and the "Bay State" dashed away with a foaming bow.

On they flew, the wind rising higher and higher, the sea rolling more fearfully as they bore out on the bosom of the white-capped bay. Now, the flying spray struck the sharp bows of the yacht, and flew in featherly flakes far astern. Fenton took off his coat and flung it over Madeline's shoulders. The girl clung closer to him, and, as she looked in his face, asked tremulously; "Is there—any—danger, Fenton? Can you manage the boat?"

"Trust me, darling," was the prompt reply, though the young man's tone was very serious, as he continued; "but, Madeline, the wind is heavy. I must reef the sail; the yacht can not stand it. Seize hold of the tiller firmly; you can do it—with both hands—so! Hold it steady for five minutes and I'll relieve you."

The girl did as directed, and grasped the cracking tiller with a strong, nervous grip.

The yacht was now bowing along at a fearful speed, burying her bows at every lunge in the seething waters around her; but she was well handled, and staunch withal, for she readily came up again to her work, and spurning the fleecy waters, darted onward.

Fenton Thorne worked like a hero; the bellying sail was soon reduced to a mere pocket handkerchief in size, as he returned silently and took the tiller again in his own hands. The boat did no more ship so much water, but she still held on her flying speed.

"See! we have company, Madeline, suddenly exclaimed Fenton, glancing over his shoulder, as they cleared the near headland; "is the fellow crazy? He is carrying full canvas. By Jove! it's the 'Two Boys'! and standing this way. But, what does the fool mean?" he suddenly exclaimed, rising to his feet and steadying himself by the tiller, as the "Bay State" plowed her greedy way along. "He'll cross our bows—and I can not jibe or fall off! Lie low, Madeline! Boat ahoy! Luff! or you'll be afraid of me! Luff! luff! I say!"

"Can't do it! My main sheet is adrift—my rudder jammed!" came back, in loud tones, from the rapidly advancing boat.

"Madeline—oh! Madeline—cling to me—quick!" cried the youth as the other yacht, with bursting sail, bore like lightning down on them.

A moment, and they struck. The "Bay State" reeled, shook, rocked fearfully, and in a twinkling, lay on her side, the billows making a clean breach over her.

But the other yacht immediately tacked, as if handled by a ready hand, and bore away toward the now dusky water.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

RED ARROW, The Wolf Demon: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXXVII.
FOLLOWING A MADMAN.

With eager haste, Boone and Kenton followed in the footsteps of Lark.

On through the station, without turning to the right or left, but heading straight toward the forest. Lark went.

Amazed at his strange action, Boone and Kenton strove to overtake him, but the madman—for the two borderers had but little doubt that Lark had been attacked by sudden madness—entered the shadows of the wood before the others could overtake him.

The two paused on the edge of the timber and looked at each other for a moment in astonishment.

"Well, dern my old hide, ef I know what

to make of this!" exclaimed Boone, breaking the silence.

"Shall we follow him?" asked Kenton.

"Yes," replied Boone, decidedly. "I never seed any thing like this hyer afore, and I feel nat'l curiosity to see the end onto it. We were a-goin' to make a scon, and ef we folled him, why, it's pretty much the same thing."

So, without further conversation, the two plunged into the wood.

They tracked Lark easily, for he crashed through the wood without caution, making as much noise as a huge bear.

Lark was heading straight for the Ohio; in fact, retracing the course the three had taken in coming from the Indian village of Chillicothe.

"Ef we should happen to run into a party of Shawnees, they'd make mince-meat out of us afore you could say Jack Robins," growled Kenton to Boone, as they raced through the tangled mazes of the thicket, in their endeavor to keep up with the madman's headlong course.

"Yes, it's lucky that than ain't any chance of meetin' the red heathens this side of the big drink!" Boone was referring to the Ohio.

"Derned if I ain't gittin' short-winded," said Kenton, breathing heavily.

"Well, I ain't got any more wind than I want, myself!" Boone replied.

Sill onward through the forest Lark went, never slackening his headlong speed, stopping not for busi' nor breather.

At last he reached the river's bank.

The shades of night were descending fast upon the earth, covering forest and river with a mantle of inky blackness. Afar off in the eastern sky, the moon, like a sword of fire, was rising above the forest's dark line.

Calmly on rolled the great river, its turbid waves lashing the banks that bound its pathway with many a dull and sultry moan as though impatient of restraint.

When Boone and Kenton reached the river's side, Lark had just drawn a canoe from its hiding-place in the bushes that fringed the bank. The canoe was the same that the three had used before when they had crossed the stream.

Lark dragged the canoe to the river and launched the frail bark on the dark and sultry waters.

Boone and Kenton, profiting by the delay, overtook Lark just as he gave the canoe to the crew of the dark stream.

"Hello, man! what on earth has got into you?" cried Boone.

For the first time, Lark turned and looked over his pursuers.

One look the hardy bordermen took at the face of their companion, and then they felt that the warm life current in their veins was congealing with horror.

They looked not upon the face of a man but rather on the face of a corpse, newly risen from its grave.

White as the stainless marble was the face of Lark, and his large eyes glared with demoniac fires.

Like men inspired with sudden fear, the stout-hearted borderers receded.

Then, to their amazement, Lark raised his hand and pointed to the canoe, that rocked and danced like a thing of life upon the turbid waters.

"He wants us for to git in and cross the drink with him," said Boone, in a voice that showed plainly the feeling of horror that had taken possession of the old Indian-fighter.

"Shall we go?" asked Kenton, scarcely speaking above his breath.

"Yes; it's our duty as Christian men to see that this madman comes to no harm. I'm afraid that we are a-goin' to see something terrible," Boone answered.

Again, and with a gesture of command, Lark pointed to the frail boat, that was dancing like an egg-shell on the bosom of the surging tide.

The two obeyed the gesture and entered the canoe.

Then Lark seized the paddle, and the little craft, with its human freight, sped rapidly across the river.

The white-capped billows—the children of the wind—surged and dashed against the sides of the canoe as if eager to tear from their frail shelter the mortals that dared to risk their lives amid the turbid waves of the Ohio.

The rising wind whistled and surged through the frail forest trees; the waves were turbid and angry; the sky was hid by many a storm-cloud; the moon, a ray of lurid light, was darting lambent fires through the dark cloud-banks.

The scouts looked around them and shuddered. A terrible depression was upon their feelings. The very air they breathed seemed full of evil.

The bow of the canoe touched the bank.

With a sweep of the broad paddle, Lark brought the canoe sideways to shore. Boone and Kenton at once gained the bank. Lark followed, slowly.

On the bank, Lark halted. In his hand he held the "painter" of the canoe, a sprig of grape-vine.

A moment he looked at the frail bark and then deliberately drove his foot through the bottom and cast it adrift to the mercy of the swollen waters.

Eagerly, like living things, the sullen waves leaped over and around the canoe as it sunk from mortal sight in their chill embraces.

"Jerusalem! how on earth are we a-goin' to git across the drink ag'in?" muttered Boone, in dismay.

Kenton did not reply, for he was watching Lark eagerly.

The stalwart borderer, who was acting so strangely, watched the canoe until the dark water hid it from his sight. Then, without paying any more attention to the two, who stood by his side on the bank, than if they had been sticks or stones, he plunged into the thicket that fringed the river's side.

Utterly dumbfounded at his unaccountable actions, Boone and Kenton again followed upon his track.

This time, however, Lark did not proceed carelessly and without caution, as before, but on the contrary, crept through the tangled underwood with all the care of a wild beast stealing upon its prey.

The two woodmen had but little difficulty in following their strange companion.

Seconds lengthened into minutes, minutes into hours. The great moon, rising slowly up, no longer flecked the sky with swords of fire, but beamed a flood of soft, silvery light, save when the flying clouds crossed her path, and, like agents of evil, hid her rays from sight.

"We must be near Ke-ne-ha-ha's village," muttered Kenton to Boone, after a weary tramp through the pathless wilderness, trailing Lark's erratic course.

"Well, dern my old hide, ef I know what

"Patty near," replied Boone.

Hardly had the words left the lips of the old woodman, when, as suddenly as if he had sunk into the earth, Lark disappeared from sight.

The woodmen stood aghast. They had followed Lark easily. He had not seemed to notice that the two were near him, and had not attempted to evade them.

"Whar on earth has he gone to?" muttered Boone in astonishment, and rubbing his eyes to see if he doubted the evidence of his own senses.

"Down into the earth or up into the air," answered Kenton, who was as much astonished as his companion at the sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Then the two advanced to the spot whereon Lark had stood when they had seen him last.

It was too dark for them to attempt to follow his trail, if he had left one, and so, defeated in their pursuit, they halted to consider what their next move should be.

"Let's go on a little way; maybe we'll find some trace of him ahead," said Boone, thoughtfully.

Then the two proceeded onward till they came to a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams shone.

As the two reached the glade and stood within the timber that fringed its edge, a slight noise fell upon their ears.

"Hush!" cried Boone, in a cautious whisper, and he laid his hand lightly upon Kenton's arm as he spoke.

Stout Sim hardly needed the caution, for his quick ear had caught the sound.

"It's some one coming through the forest," said Kenton, in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Boone, listening intently.

"Can it be Lark?"

"No, I think not," said the old woodman; "it's more likely to be an Injun. We must mighty nigh to the Injun village."

"Maybe we've run into a hornet's nest," said Kenton coolly.

"We'll have to git out, then," observed Boone, nothing terrified.

"Whoever it is, he don't seem to be afraid of any thing, for he's marching right along as if he owned the hull wood."

"Let's to timber!" said Boone, curtly.

A second more and the stalwart forms of the two scouts had disappeared. Like snakes, they nestled in the grass and waited for the man who walked through the wood.

The two did not have long to wait, for the sound of the steps grew louder and louder, and then an Indian warrior, decked in the gaudy war-paint and prepared for battle, stepped into the little glade whereon the moonbeams shone.

It was the warrior carried a tomahawk.

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The two did not have long to wait, for the sound of the steps grew louder and louder, and then an Indian warrior, decked

Even as I was preparing to descend and continue my flight, the crowd suddenly parted, many of them holding in their *claws*, for such their hands seemed to be, pieces of the flesh of the deer, which they eagerly devoured. With a simultaneous movement they rushed for the cliff, and began, on every side, the ascent.

Such conduct from the despised Digger rather took me by surprise.

It was contrary to all that I had ever heard of them, and I was completely at a loss to understand their fury, until, as they came nearer, I saw their brutish faces emaciated and pinched by starvation, their hollow eyes glaring like wild beasts, as they suffered under the terrible pangs of hunger, and then I saw what it was that rendered them so oblivious of all personal harm.

A horrid fear darted through my brain. Had hunger driven them to become *canibals*? I could assign no other reason for their fury, and with the terrible belief gathering force every moment, I prepared to sell out as dearly as possible.

My position was not well adapted to defense, especially where violent exertion would be necessary in wieldng my clubbed rifle.

The spot upon which I stood was not more than three feet across, and very uneven.

Bracing myself as well as possible, I met the advanced guard with a shower of blows that sent half a dozen of them headlong down the rock, killed or terribly maimed.

Three times did the infuriated devils return to the attack, each time to be driven back with loss.

The strain was beginning to tell upon me, and I saw that if they persisted I must give in. But how they changed their tactics.

At a certain signal given by the one who seemed to lead, they drew off, inclosing my position of every side, and began handling their bows.

I had feared this, and wondered, why they had not before adopted the plan.

Crouching down as flat as possible, I received their first volley without injury.

The next however, was better directed, and I felt the sting of an arrow in both shoulders and legs.

I saw that I could not last long under this kind of treatment, and determined upon a bit of strategy, to gain time, if nothing else.

Another volley whistled about my ears, one of the arrows sticking in the side of my leather hunting-shirt.

With a convulsive spring I gained my feet, tugging, apparently, at the arm, reeled about as if mortally wounded, and fell suddenly as though dead or dying.

The bat took, and with a yell of savage joy the hideous crew rushed up the rocks.

I allowed the rock to be crowded with them before I moved, and then, as they swarmed over me, I sprung up, knife in hand, and began an onslaught such as they little expected.

I cut earnestly, savagely, right and left, yelling like a madman all the time and with fearful effect.

How long this contest upon the rock lasted I do not know.

I was blinded with blood that streamed from various wounds upon the head made by their short clubs and stone axes, or hammers, and fast growing weak from others upon my body.

The dense mass swayed and surged about the narrow footing, clinging to each other and to me, until suddenly, from some unknown cause, the whole body, as though we had been tied together, reeled over the edge and went crashing down the side of the cliff.

I remembered but little else.

I know that the fight was resumed at the bottom, but of the particulars I know nothing.

I had a faint consciousness of hearing the quick detonation of firearms, shouts, yells and screeches of terror, and then—nothing more until I came to in the camp.

It seemed that three of the rangers had thought better of my proposition to hunt, and shortly after I had gone they took my trail, and came up just in time.

"A Night of Peril."

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

One lovely morning, many years ago, I was strolling along a shaded road in the environs of the city of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, and inwardly railing at fortune, for having reduced me to such necessity that I should soon be compelled to ship before the mast—a considerable descent for one who had sailed as chief mate for years—when my attention was attracted by a shrill scream from a woman who was struggling with a lank individual, whose snowy habiliments, yet dusky countenance, bespoke him a native. I started at a rapid run to her assistance. As soon as the man descipted me advancing he made off as quickly as his litho legs could carry him, and ere I reached the woman he had been interfering with, he disappeared from sight by diving into the dense bushes that lined the roadway.

"What's the trouble, Miss?" I abruptly inquired, as I neared the trembling lady—a lady, and a compatriot of mine also, I saw she was at a glance.

"Oh! sir, that scoundrel took advantage of my being alone, and insulted me dreadfully. I am so glad you came up, for I perceive you are an American, and I know well what to do," she replied, in tremulous tones.

I assured her that I should be only too happy to do so, and volunteered to escort her wherever she was bound for. She thanked me, and told me that she wished to go down to the wharf, in order to proceed aboard the *Blanche*, an American brig, owned and commanded by her husband, then lying at anchor in the bay. Mrs. Wadsworth soon recovered from her agitation and entered into friendly conversation with me. She was a lively little woman, about twenty-two years of age, with large hazel eyes, beautiful features, and a wealth of rich chestnut-brown hair, that fell clustering over her shapely neck. Soon detecting that I was a sailor, with our national habit of inquisitiveness, she openly asked me how it was that I came to be wandering about, with apparently aimless purpose, in a foreign port; and, when I told her that I could not get a ship, she insisted upon my accompanying her to the *Blanche*.

"My husband will be glad to see you, I am sure, and perhaps he may be able to offer you a berth, for Mr. Sands, his second-mate, wished to leave the vessel," she added.

At one of the piers a boat from the

Blanche was lying, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Wadsworth, who had been spending the night at the house of a married relative in the suburbs, so we at once put off on board.

The skipper met us at the gangway and gave me cordial greeting upon the introduction of his wife, immediately inviting me into the saloon to breakfast. He was a native of Nantucket, and a good specimen of the genuine American mariner. He expressed himself "considerably riled" when he heard that a loafing miscreant had dared to insult his wife, of whom he was evidently very proud and fond, and declared that if he was not obliged to sail the following day, he'd hunt out the rascal and "make him smell Boston tan-yard."

When his ire had evanesced, and his pretty spouse told him that I was looking out for a berth, he at once offered to take me as his second-officer.

"I don't much like my mate; I shipped him and most of the hands in Buenos Ayres, and there's something sinister about him that I don't appreciate. He seems to have a sort of tacit understanding with the crew, but what they're all driving at I can't imagine. Sands, my second-mate, is a good, steady fellow, and I didn't like to let him go, though the youngster can better himself ashore here, because I thought he acted as a check on the others; however, if you like to take his place aboard, I'll give him his discharge," said Captain Wadsworth.

Of course I gladly accepted his kindly offer, and before noon I had all my traps aboard and my name inscribed on the ship's articles. Mr. Sands, ere his departure, showed me the berth he was vacating and which I was thereafter to inhabit.

"Excuse me," he said, suddenly closing the door. "I want to speak a few words to you. Do you know, sir, that if it was not that I fear she would never again get so good a chance of bettering my position, I would on no account leave this brig, for I like the skipper extremely, and his wife is one of the nicest and most sociable of ladies I ever met, and I would not for the world that any harm should befall them. I don't want to grieve you, but I want to put you on your guard, and, therefore, I must tell you that I am very suspicious of Harland, the chieftain, and the crew; in fact, I firmly believe, though I have not sufficient proof to openly accuse them, that they meditate seizing the vessel. She has a good deal of treasure aboard, the profits accruing from a two years' voyage, and, from hints which have been dropped in my hearing, and an air of mystery which all the men wear, I think they have an organized plan for carrying out their felonious project. I call it felonious, for, of course, they could not succeed without murdering the skipper, who is a real smart and brave man. All I want you to do is to keep your eyes open and be sure not to let the fellows to get hold of Mrs. Wadsworth. Good-by, and a pleasant voyage to you."

He opened the door as he concluded, and vanished instantaneously, leaving me much mystified. However, I thought his caution worth regarding, so I carefully loaded a small Colt's revolver, which I stowed away in the breast-pocket of my shirt, and also concealed a Spanish pistol, of firmly-tempered steel, upon my person.

At an early hour the day we unmooed, and, setting all sail, ran past the fort on the Ilhas das Cobras, and took our departure for New York. We had rather squally weather for the first few days, and when we neared the equator, we experienced the calms and variable winds usual in that region. Mr. Harland was obviously polite to me, and that increased my suspicions of him, for generally chieftains are not very civil to their subordinates, and one dog-watch he carefully sounded me to see if I was a fellow after his own heart—a desperate scoundrel, in fact—but I was too deep for him, so he was unable to get bottom, and therefore could not tell how the land lay. I did not like to make a direct charge against the mate to Captain Wadsworth, but I told him what Sands had said to me, and also that I myself feared the crew were disaffected. He therefore ordered me to collect all the firearms, and, after loading them, stow them away in some safe receptacle, ready to hand; besides this, he directed me to call him whenever Harland relieved me at night, so that he might keep watch himself while I slept. Nothing of any importance occurred, however, until the Blanche arrived off the Bermudas, when one night I was awakened by the report of a pistol fired in the cabin. I sprung from my bunk, revolver in hand, and entered the saloon just in time to see a gleaming weapon flash in the yellow glare of the cabin-lamp, and to hear a shriek of agony break from the skipper's lips, as he fell mortally wounded upon the floor. Quick as thought, I leveled my pistol at the miscreant who had done the diabolical deed; the ball from it pierced his brain, and he sunk prone across his victim's corse.

Ere I could glance around, the noise of heavy feet descending the stairway warned me of the approach of the other mutineers, and I sprung toward the state-room in which Mrs. Wadsworth slept. She was issuing from the doorway, white and wan with fear; I saw she had pistols in her hands, and these I grasped as I pushed her back into her berth.

"I will defend you while life lasts, I can do no more; but, for God's sake, keep away from her," I whispered. She retired, and I, turning, faced the advancing crew.

"Back, or you die!" I cried, as a dusky form appeared at the foot of the stairs.

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A shout of derisive laughter answered me, and the man from whose throat it hissed sprung forward; but I was nerves for combat, and I slew him ere the blow he aimed at me with a handslike fell. Those who were following—they were but four in number now—when they saw their comrade fall, retreated to the deck, uttering savage imprecations. Had it not been that I had promised to guard poor Mrs. Wadsworth, I should have pursued them, so insensate was my desire to wreak vengeance upon them for the murder of their late commander; but I knew I had desperate men to contend against, and I feared for the widowed lady's safety if accident befell me; therefore I remained where I was to vigilantly guard the treasure in my keeping.

Crash!

The vessel reel and stagger as though she had hit a sunken rock, and the noise of falling spars plainly indicated that the brig had met with some peculiar disaster. I heard the crew run forward, and I heard a hoarse voice had across the sea. Then I knew the Blanche had collided with some other vessel, and, with new hope of salvation in my heart, I sprung on deck.

Close alongside, her jib-boom reaching through our fore-rigging and extending completely over our deck, was a large schooner, upon the forecastle of which her crew were assembled, endeavoring to clear the entangled ships.

"For God's sake, come aboard here, never stopping until they reach their journey's end."

Knowing that to turn a tortoise is not, as in the case of the turtle, sufficient, a consultation was held, and a plan devised to secure the unexpected treasures. After some hesitation, the midshipman cut his leather belt into two strips; and then, once on their backs, they were tied by the tail to a strong stake and left, while the explorers pursued their adventurous journey.

But I must return to the negroes and women, ere I give an account of my father's remarkable peregrinations and discoveries.

Each of the newly-married couples would necessarily require a cabin or hut; but with the fidelity of their race, when really attached to their masters, they set to work to build houses, or wigwams for the whites, which they did in this way: Strong stakes were thrust into the ground at short intervals until a square was formed, when slighter boughs and withes were worked into them in and out, until a pretty solid wall presented itself.

Between these were thrust grass, until the air was sufficiently excluded. They were roofed in the same primitive way, in order at all events to provide accommodations for the present against the weather and the heat, though, of course, they would be of no avail in the rainy weather. The negro huts were to be on an island to themselves. This was their own wish.

They first made a hut for my father and mother, and the two little boys. Next to this was one for my four sisters and my cousin, thus making one wall do for two huts. Then came a larger one, much wider than the others, to be used in the daytime; and, after that, one for my uncle, the captain, and Andrew. They were not all completed in one day, but even the first night proved a welcome change from sleeping in the open air.

But when I visited the island another hut had been added, and as my very first question had been on this point, I will at once explain how it happened. The day had been sultry, and the little colony hard at work; when, toward evening, the women started, as they always did once or twice a week, to bathe.

There had been a hurricane blowing for some days, but it was over now, and the weather had completely changed. Still the wind was not down; and when the somewhat frolicsome party had descended to the beach, they found the surf running rather strongly on the shore. Still, by selecting a kind of basket, wide at one end and narrow at the other.

This done, they stood watching, and when they saw a good shoal of fish, plunged into the water with long sticks in their hands, with which they drove the terrified fish forward, until many of them were glad to escape into the inclosure through the long basket, the narrow end of which closing as soon as they went through, there was no hope of return.

They then fastened a number of supply boughs, in such a way as to form a kind of basket, wide at one end and narrow at the other.

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Ribera's Doom. A CUBAN STORY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a mildly beautiful night in Havana, the gay capital of Cuba, when a man might have been seen hurrying down an almost deserted street of that city.

He walked in the shade of the buildings, in a manner which told that he wished to escape recognition.

There was nothing in the appearance or dress of the individual which would have commanded a second look from the casual observer. He was tall, and wore a new suit of sea-fearing clothes. His sombrero shaded his dark eyes, but could not hide the clipped beard which covered the lower portion of his sunburnt face.

He was a Spaniard, and, as he hurried along, he muttered, in his native tongue:

"They shall be mine to-night, mine, mine!"

Of what, or whom, did he speak?

The reader shall presently see; but while he is nearing his destination, let us glance at his history, for one he had—one which none will covet.

His name was Joachio Ribera, and a few years prior to the opening of our story, he was a titled count in his native country, and stood high in the favor of his queen—the voluptuous Isabella. But he fell, as all court favorites fall. He lost his possessions, partly through his own reckless habits, and partly through the machinations of enemies. Then, becoming desperate, he sought to avenge his fancied wrongs, and obtain riches at the same time. He, in his daring desperation, plotted to steal the crown jewels; but, upon the eve of success in his scheme, the dark plot was discovered. Of the conspirators, Ribera alone escaped. His fellow conspirators perished at the hands of the public executioner. A price was set upon the ex-count's head; but he eluded his hunters, and, without the aid of a guide, crossed the La Manchas to Valencia. There he soon gathered around him a set of desperate Spanish and Portuguese sailors, and one night they murdered the crew of a vessel in the harbor and put to sea.

From that hour Joachio Ribera was a pirate.

Guanaahani, one of the Bahama Islands, became his rendezvous, and there, pirating, he ruled over a lot of hardened men, himself being ruled by a beautiful but wicked Spanish woman.

Somehow or other, Ribera learned that Senor Tarpedo, one of the richest inhabitants of Havana, was possessed of a wealth of jewels, a great many of which he intended to present to his daughter, Inez, on the occasion of her happy marriage with Robert Harford, a young and wealthy merchant of New York.

Straightway, upon receiving this intelligence, the pirate steered for Havana, and soon his vessel, La Tarantula, was anchored in the bay. He had given her a new coat of paint, which greatly altered her appearance, and she would have deceived even a sailor's practiced eye.

The night following his arrival in the bay was the one which preceded Senorita Inez's wedding. The pirate had selected it for the robbery.

He was rowed from his ship to the wharf at nightfall, by several of his daring crew. Springing from the boat, he bade the sailors await his return, and plunged into the city, in which, had his presence been known, his life would not have been worth a fig.

We left him at the beginning of our, perhaps necessary, digression gliding down the narrow, shadowed street, and now we purpose to follow.

He knew where Senor Tarpedo lived, for, during his courtship, he had visited the ever-faithful isle, and enjoyed hospitality at the wealthy Cuban's hands.

On, on he went, threading street after street, until he paused before a splendid dwelling—the residence of the senor. Not a light gleamed through the shutters, and an ominous silence brooded over the neighborhood.

"They sleep," murmured Ribera, drawing a bunch of keys from his bosom. "Sleep, to wake and find themselves plundered of their riches. I have sworn that the wedding jewels shall glister on the bosom of Tinea, the pirate's queen, and Joachio Ribera never breaks an oath."

It did not take the pirate a great while to obtain an entrance into the mansion, and with the aid of a dark lantern, he found himself searching for the jewel-room.

At last he found it, and with his keys entered.

Gently he closed the door, and walked toward the senor's chest. To his astonishment, he found it unlocked, and, one by one, he drew forth the strong steel-bound boxes which contained the jewels.

"Caramba! what a wealth of jewels!" he exclaimed. "And doubletons: why, the chest is half-filled with them! But I will not touch one. I have millions on Guanaahani. I sought this room for jewels, not doubletons."

When the last treasure-box had been removed, the Spaniard rose to his feet, and surveyed the heap.

"Mine, all mine!" he cried. "How they will shine upon Tinea's beauteous skin! Now, for the removal!"

He was about to stoop when curtains, which concealed a niche, parted, and the flash of lantern light dazzled his eyes. Drawing his pistols, with a Spanish oath, he started back, as four sailors, headed by Senor Tarpedo, sprang into the room.

"Back!" cried Ribera, cocking the deadly pistols.

"At him, Nalvez!" shouted Tarpedo, not hearing the pirate's command.

At his master's word, Nalvez, an iron-built sailor, sprung across the room at a single bound, and, before Ribera could prepare for the onset, the pistols were knocked from his grasp.

Then the other tars joined their comrade, and the pirate was a prisoner!

Suddenly he looked at Senor Tarpedo, who approached and held the lantern near his face.

"Joachio Ribera!" he cried, recognizing his guest of other days.

"Yes, Senor Tarpedo, I am your guest for the second time."

"But as a pirate and a prisoner."

"As you like it, sir."

"Joachio Ribera, you entered my house to steal my jewels."

"Yes."

"But you shall never leave it alive!"

There was something terrible in the Cuban's tone, and the pirate gazed into the depths of the cold eyes.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Grizzly's Fight for his Scalp.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

There was no mercy there. "Yes, Senor Tarpedo," he said. "I came hither to appropriate your jewels to my own use. But I shall not do it now."

"I should think not," sneered Tarpedo, bitterly.

"Senor, I would ransom myself. What sum do you demand?"

"Pirate!" roared Tarpedo, stamping the floor, "the wealth of Ophir, Golconda and California combined could not ransom you. I have doomed you to a terrible death."

"I have injured you, or yours, Senor Tarpedo?" demanded the pirate.

"Where?—where?"

"Upon the high seas, when you burned the Astra, the Gandalquier, and La Hispania, and butchered their crews."

"Those vessels were yours, then?"

"They were."

"Had I known it, I should have respected old friendship, and harmed them not," said Ribera.

"No apologies, sir pirate!" exclaimed Tarpedo.

"Men, bear him to the vault and carry out the instructions I have already given you. I will join you directly."

The Cuban handed the lantern to a creole sailor, and left the room before the pirate could interpose a word. He saw that resistance would only hasten his death, for one of the sailors held a pistol in close proximity to his head.

Down several flights of steps he sullenly permitted himself to be conducted, and at last he found himself in a strong underground apartment, which contained an oval table and a large arm-chair. Into this latter the pirate was thrust, and held down by the sailors. Beside him lay three of Senor Tarpedo's jewel-boxes.

"What does your master intend doing with me?" the pirate asked, in Spanish, of the reply. "Hark! he is coming now."

The next moment the door opened, and Senor Tarpedo entered, bearing a lighted candle.

"Senor Ribera," exclaimed the Cuban, pointing at his prisoner, "this is your death-chamber; these walls shall witness your dying agonies, and echo back your expiring groans. Bind him, men."

With strong tarred ropes Ribera was bound to the chair, until he was unable to move a limb. Then the chair was screwed down to the thick, damp flooring.

"We warn't long a bustin' up the camp, you bet, an' off we put, luggin' the pets along—hevin' cashed the traps an' fixin' the hills at the bend thar up Green river, jes' above. You know the kentry that, Rube, jes' es well as I doose, an' I needn't tell yer the buffer could hide that ef he on'y hed sens anuff."

"On one side ther perryall kins smash up to the river, sh' on t'other the cliffs an' big rocks pile straight up higher'n a mounting."

"They knifed me till I wur es full uv

"They hadn't yelled onc'e, a munstrous queer thing, an' so I still hilt off frum usin' the six-shooter. Well, well, Rube, 'twar a despit fout."

"Four on us in a hole that warn't hardly big anuff fer two, an' it es dark es be d—. One uv the imps went under, e'enemost at the start, but it on'y givez o'thers more room ter work in, an' them 'Patches' jes walked into my old karkass lively."

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